

save your love (for someone like me)

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by [ruledbyv3nus](#)

Summary

It isn't often that Itadori keeps things from him. Aside from being a terrible liar, he usually confides in Megumi about everything, from his grandfather, to his favorite professor, to the guy in his film class that he hangs out with sometimes. Even the things he keeps to himself don't feel like secrets; Megumi can't remember a time where they ever made him feel this unsettled. Even though he knows that he isn't entitled to every detail in Itadori's life, it irks him to think there is someone that he knows absolutely nothing about.

Especially someone, he realizes with a sinking feeling, that is exactly Itadori's type. What was it he had said to Todo? *Tall, dark hair, kind of badass*. In other words, exactly like the tall, dark-haired, intimidating looking man who just walked out of Itadori's dorm room.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It's a Friday night in October, and the weather is chilly and clear, perfect for curling up on the couch with a book. Instead, Megumi is standing under the questionably aged wood awning of a student house as strains of music and conversation leak out from under the front door. He has never been a fan of parties, but Kugisaki had practically threatened him with his life to attend this one. It was the first time Kugisaki would be going to a party hosted by Maki—her new girlfriend—and Maki's friends, and she had been buzzing all week, finally insisting that Megumi and Itadori join her so she wouldn't "look like a friendless loser."

Now that they've finally arrived, Kugisaki can't seem to make it past the porch, her hand resting on the doorknob, body turned away to face Megumi and Itadori where they stand on the steps. "Do not fuck this up for me." she hisses, two minutes into her warning rant. Despite her agitated demeanor, she looks perfectly put together, auburn bob sleek and neat, and eyes framed by elaborate graphic liner. "Fushiguro don't be weird and standoffish. Itadori just . . . don't be stupid."

"Hey!" Despite the fake outrage in his voice, Itadori's face is colored with amusement. Where Megumi thrives in the shadows, Itadori is light itself, bursting with enthusiasm and effortless charisma. He seems perfectly comfortable in this environment, posture relaxed and brown eyes almost glowing under the warm porchlight. He had agreed instantly to the party, even teaming up with Kugisaki to convince Megumi to go. Now, apparently, he's the only person not feeling nerves or dread, easy smile unaffected by Kugisaki's intensity. Under a dark denim jacket, he's wearing the same yellow hoodie he wore on the first day they met.

Megumi remembers the day clearly; he had been walking across the green, heading back towards dorm after his first day of classes, when a frisbee going abnormally fast crashed into the side of his head. When he came to, blinking, the first thing he saw was Itadori's face framed by the sun, rambling apologizes as he tried to search for signs of concussion. Somewhere along the walk to the health center, Megumi found himself wrapped up in conversation, and by the end of the day his headache was gone, and he and Itadori were texting back and forth despite the nurse's order that he stay off screens.

Kugisaki had joined them a few weeks later when she transferred into Itadori's film design class. Megumi had been wary at first, but her brash personality and refreshing bluntness had been strangely disarming, and he warmed up to her quickly. A few lunches and

dinners together turned into hanging out daily, and the three quickly became inseparable. Megumi has spent a lot of his life on his own, and sometimes he wonders how he went from being a loner to having not just one, but two best friends. It's a situation he's definitely not used to, but one he thoroughly enjoys, no matter how many parties they drag him to.

"Oh my god, are you even listening Fushiguro?"

Megumi blinks back into focus. "Uh..."

Kugisaki groans dramatically, smacking her palm to her forehead and letting go of the doorknob completely. "I'm fucked. Why did I even invite you guys?"

"Yeah, why did you even invite us Kugisaki?" Itadori asks lightheartedly, crossing his arms in mock defiance.

She sighs, longsuffering. "Obviously I need people to distract Maki's friends so we can get some alone time,"

"So, we're just decoys?"

"Exactly!"

"Woowoow," Itadori clutches his chest "harsh. You don't just enjoy our company?"

"Shut up," Kugisaki grumbles "Maybe I need emotional support too."

Megumi has been watching the two go back and forth in silence, so he catches when Kugisaki's expression shifts into something more vulnerable, refusing to meet either of her friends' gazes. Fondness tugs at his chest, and he makes eye contact with Itadori, whose face is marked with a similar affection.

Kugisaki comes off harsh at times, but her irritation is often a mask for her nerves and, considering how long it's taking for them to actually enter the party, she is clearly very nervous. She had been pining over Maki for months, spamming the group chat with play-by-plays of their every interaction, and had been over the moon when Maki finally asked her out. He knows she must be nervous about their two friend groups meeting, and the party probably means more to her than she let on, especially if she's willing to admit out loud that she needs their support.

As if reading Megumi's mind, Itadori breaks his gaze and turns back to Kugisaki with a softer grin. "We're going to be the best emotional support decoys you've ever seen!" Kugisaki's irritation doesn't lift completely, but Megumi sees corner of her mouth twitch. "Seriously, Kugisaki. By the end of the night, they'll be asking us to be their new best friends. Maki will be completely replaced."

"Ugh, shut up," Kugisaki is fighting a full smile now, and her hand finally reaches back for the doorknob "Don't overdo it now. Let's just get this over with."

Inside, the house is nice and moderately sized, and Megumi is impressed that the seniors were able to pool together enough money to afford it. The front room and living room are full, though not as much as he had expected. Still, the combination of loud voices, pounding music, and flashing lights is kind of overwhelming, and he closes his eyes for a moment to adjust to the onslaught of sensations. Megumi feels a warm hand on his shoulder and opens his eyes to meet Itadori's questioning gaze. He sends him a look of mild concern, and Megumi nods a silent *I'm good* in response, ignoring, always ignoring, the way Itadori's concern makes him feel off-kilter. *How does he always know?*

Kugisaki is steadily pushing through the crowd, and Megumi follows as closely as he can, letting the throb of the bass in his chest stabilize him. In front of him, Itadori takes care of the worst of the crowd with polite but strong shoves and "excuse-me's," but there is still far too much jostling for Megumi's liking. He tries to remind himself that he's here for Kugisaki as someone spills a bit of beer on his shoulder, and he gets a stray elbow in the gut from someone else. Yeah, he really isn't a party person.

What feels like an endless number of sweaty bodies later, they finally reach the house's kitchen. Compared to the rest of the party, the room is emptier, music low enough that conversation is possible. There are a couple small groups gathered around talking and refilling their drinks, and aside from a few solo cups littering the counters and some large drink coolers, it's relatively neat and calm. Megumi feels himself relax a bit more.

Beside him, Kugisaki scans the room, gripping his arm in one hand and Itadori's in the other as if they would try to escape, only to drop them a few seconds later, waving enthusiastically across the room.

“Maki!”

“Nobara!” the answering voice comes from the island, where a small cluster is gathering around the jungle juice. A woman peels off from the group, moving towards the three of them with a wide grin. Megumi gives her a once over. She’s tall—a bit shorter than him—and brawny, with rectangular glasses and dark hair pulled into a ponytail. She’s wearing a tank top, showing off the arms Megumi has received countless text messages about, and she’s carrying two cups, one of which she hands to Kugisaki. “Hey,” she greets warmly, smile widening even more as she meets Kugisaki’s eyes.

“Hey,” Kugisaki ducks her eyes in a show of uncharacteristic shyness. The same fondness he felt earlier tugs at Megumi’s chest at the sight, and he makes eye contact with Itadori over Kugisaki’s head. Itadori mouths a silent “aww” and Megumi’s lips twitch in amusement. He clears his throat pointedly, breaking eye contact with Itadori, and Kugisaki’s head whips around like she’s just remembering they’re there. “Oh! Maki, these are my friends Itadori Yuuji and Fushiguro Megumi.” she gestures to each of them. “Fushiguro, Itadori, this is Maki. Just Maki.”

They each shake Maki’s hand, exchanging nice-to-meet-yous. “Kugisaki has told us so much about you!” Itadori says excitedly, and Kugisaki whacks his arm, blushing furiously.

Maki looks smug. “Has she?”

“You have no idea,” Megumi deadpans.

Kugisaki buries her face in her hands. “Oh my god I hate you guys!”

Maki laughs, pulling at Kugisaki’s arms and dropping a kiss on her cheek when she frees her face, then one on her lips when Kugisaki turns her face in surprise. Itadori makes a fake gagging noise, and Kugisaki flips him off over Maki’s shoulder. Behind them, the group that had been gathered around the jungle juice has scattered, forming a small semi-circle at Maki’s side and waiting expectantly. There’s a huge, muscular man with a giant panda tattoo on his upper arm and a friendly smile, another huge muscular man with a bun and a prominent scar across his eye, and a short, smaller man with white hair and a tattoo framing his mouth. These must be the friends he and Itadori were brought to distract. Megumi isn’t quite sure what to make of them, sizing them up quietly from his place beside Kugisaki as he waits for one them to make a move.

It's the man with the panda tattoo who approaches first, offering them each a hand "Maki's too distracted by Kugisaki to introduce us, but I'm Panda." He gestures to the shorter man beside him "This is Inumaki, he doesn't like to talk." He doesn't elaborate, and Inumaki nods and waves, so Itadori and Megumi wave back.

The taller man with the scar is the last to step forward, and his gaze is significantly more intense than Panda's or Inumaki's. He grips Megumi's hand uncomfortably hard, and Megumi winces, though Itadori barely flinches when it's his turn. "Aoi Todo," he booms, a little louder than the volume of the room requires. "Before we go any further, I have to ask you both a very important question."

Panda and Inumaki exchange a wary look as if they're used to this, while Maki lets out an audible groan. "Aaand that's it for us! We're not having this conversation twice." she slips her hand into Kugisaki's and pulls her towards the party "See you guys in there!" Kugisaki shoves her drink into Megumi's hand on her way out, mouthing a smug 'good luck' over her shoulder before she's swallowed in the crowd, and Megumi resists the childish urge to flip her off.

Todo is undeterred by his friends' reactions, gaze stuck on Itadori and Megumi with a single-minded focus. "The answer to this question will tell me everything I need to know about you," he continues, and Megumi takes a long sip of Kugisaki's abandoned drink. Judging by Maki's swift exit, he might need some alcohol to get him through whatever direction this conversation is about to take.

Nothing prepares him for what comes out of Todo's mouth next. "What kind of woman is your type?"

The drink goes down the wrong pipe, and Megumi coughs violently, choking. Itadori smacks him firmly on the back, until Megumi waves him off, wiping his mouth, embarrassed. "What?"

"What kind of woman is your type? Or man. I don't really care, as long as it's not boring."

What kind of question is that for a first meeting? Megumi wracks his brain for the least personal response he can get away with, eyes flicking over to Itadori whose genuinely pensive expression fills Megumi with equal parts fondness and amusement. He always jumps headfirst into everything, embracing every situation without hesitance or trepidation.

"Hmm. My taste in men . . ." Itadori trails off, eyes on the ceiling, and

suddenly Megumi is very invested in his answer. "I like taller guys, at least taller than me. Dark hair usually. And I guess kind of badass."

Tall, dark hair, kind of badass. Megumi files this away to dissect later.

"For women I'd have to say...tall girls with big butts. Like Jennifer Lawrence." Itadori grins sheepishly, and Todo lets out a roar, clapping him on the back.

"Excellent answer! Another man with taste!" he claps Itadori on the back again with a force that Megumi is sure would send anyone else flying, but Itadori just absorbs the impact with his broad shoulders, beaming at the praise. He already seems comfortable with Maki's friends, leaning into Todo's hand with the familiar ease that one would a friend.

Megumi doesn't even realize he's staring until Itadori opens his eyes, catching his gaze. "What about you Fushiguro? What's your type?"

Caught off guard, Megumi feels the tips of his ears go red, and he scrambles to remember the answer he had settled on. "Uhh, I would say . . . I don't really have a specific type. As long as the person is compassionate with good values, I can't really ask for more."

"Aww, Fushiguro! That's a great answer!" Itadori beams and swings his arm around Megumi's shoulders, pinching his cheek with the other hand as Megumi tries to swat him away, blushing furiously. Todo looks like he disagrees, but he remains silent, either not wanting to disagree with his newfound ally or not wanting to test whatever threatening look Panda shoots him. Either way, Megumi is grateful for the subject change, shifting into comfortable small talk with Maki's friends until it flows into friendly conversation.

Itadori's answer turns in the back of his mind throughout the night for reasons he doesn't really understand, but after a couple cups of jungle juice and a drunken karaoke duet from Kugisaki and Itadori, it eventually slips his mind.

He doesn't think of the conversation again until weeks later.

Fall is starting to turn into winter, and Megumi pulls his coat tighter around him as he makes his way own the path to Itadori's dorm. Itadori had put off taking his science prerequisite for four semesters, but now that they're juniors and graduation is starting to become less

of a distant concept and more of an ever-encroaching reality, he'd decided to get it out of the way and signed up for Intro to Biology. Megumi can't quite remember what made him offer to help Itadori study, but one second Itadori had been rambling about how stressed he was taking a science course, and the next Megumi was checking his calendar to see where he could fit helping Itadori into his midterm study regimen.

It always seemed that easy with Yuuji. From their first conversation, he had a warmth and kindness that made Megumi feel equal parts comfortable and scrambled, like he couldn't quite figure out what his insides were doing but he didn't mind it. He had mistaken the feeling for a crush earlier in their friendship, caught off guard by their instant connection. It was an easy mistake to make; Itadori is objectively handsome, with his disarming smile and frankly ridiculous build, and he's kind, smart, and hilarious, with the emotional intelligence to know when it's time to be serious. There really isn't much to dislike about him, and even Megumi, in his perpetual aloofness, is not immune to his charm.

Eventually, though, Megumi came to the conclusion that it wasn't a crush, he just hasn't ever had a friend like Itadori before. Itadori understands Megumi in a way that few people are able to, reading through his silences and deadpan expressions with ease, and laughing at his jokes that others don't catch. He's quick to compliment too, but in a genuine way that catches Megumi off guard, shaking him out of sour moods when he needs it the most. It's the attention and care he shows, not just to Megumi, but to anyone lucky enough to be caught in his orbit. A seemingly endless supply of compassion that never fails to astound Megumi with its depth and authenticity.

He finds himself sharing things with Yuuji he's never shared with anyone. Within months he was opening up about his absent parents, his annoying adoptive dad, his comatose sister. Itadori never made him feel pitied or burdensome, opening up in turn about his own absent parents, and letting Megumi support him through the death of his grandfather their sophomore year. He is, without a doubt, the best friend that Megumi has ever had, which is why he is heading to Itadori's dorm room on his afternoon off to review biology instead of collapsing on his own twin-sized mattress for a much-needed nap.

The halls of Itadori's dorm are wide and winding, and Megumi's feet follow the familiar path to the suite at the end of the hallway. He's a little early today, but he figures Itadori won't mind considering the amount of times they've dropped by at each other's dorms

unannounced, just to hang out or to go eat or to share exciting news face to face. His knuckles are centimeters from the door when it swings open and he is face to face with a stranger.

The man is tall with dark spiky hair, eyes shadowed with liner, and what looks like a face tattoo cutting across the bridge of his nose, sharp black against pale skin. His spiky hair is littered with hairclips, and it takes Megumi a moment to realize that he isn't actually much taller than him, he's just wearing *platforms*. Under his black coat, he's wearing an oversized t-shirt that just says, "GIVE BLOOD."

Startled, Megumi stares, frozen, and the man just stares back down at him like he's sizing Megumi up. There is something fierce and wary in his dark eyes, and Megumi feels a flash of defensiveness. *He* is not the stranger here. Megumi opens his mouth to say—he's not sure what, when Itadori appears in the doorway behind the man, voice loud and cheerful as always. "Choso don't forget your scarf!" his eyes catch on Megumi over the man—Choso's—shoulder. "Oh, Fushiguro! Hey!"

While Itadori is momentarily distracted, Choso takes the scarf carefully from his hands and wraps it around himself. He seems calmer now with Itadori's presence, but he shoots Megumi one last near-cautionary look before he turns back to face Itadori. "I'll see you later, Yuuji." his voice is quiet and fond, and Itadori's eyes shift back to Choso, who steps around Megumi and out the door, an inky blot against the carpeted floors.

"Bye!" Itadori waves after him, beaming. "I'll call you!"

Megumi watches the exchange with an unnamable feeling building inside him. He searches himself, trying to identify it. There are traces of irritation left over from Choso's confrontational gaze, and Megumi fights to keep them down along with the jarring sensation that came with hearing someone else—some stranger—use Itadori's given name.

"Who was that?" he keeps his voice flat, trying not to betray the strange tightness in his chest.

"That's Choso, he's—" Itadori looks flustered "It's a long story. I'll tell you about it later." He turns around, heading into the suite, and Megumi follows him. They make their way past the common room and the little kitchenette where Itadori has taught him countless recipes, most of which he can't remember. The sight usually gives him feelings of warmth, but this time he's distracted. *A long story?* "You're early" Itadori comments, unzipping his backpack and starting to

unpack his supplies. Megumi follows suit, his mind racing.

“Yeah, I was in the neighborhood.” It isn’t often that Itadori keeps things from him. Aside from being a terrible liar, he usually confides in Megumi about everything, from his grandfather, to his favorite professor, to the guy in his film class that he hangs out with sometimes. Even the things he keeps to himself don’t feel like secrets; Megumi can’t remember a time where they ever made him feel this unsettled. Even though he knows that he isn’t entitled to every detail in Itadori’s life, it irks him to think there is someone that he knows absolutely nothing about.

Especially someone, he realizes with a sinking feeling, that is exactly Itadori’s type. What was it he had said to Todo? *Tall, dark hair, kind of a badass*. In other words, exactly like the tall, dark-haired, intimidating looking man who just walked out of Itadori’s dorm room.

He has been more excited recently, when Megumi thinks about it. Preoccupied. The other day while they were playing video games, Itadori had lost Smash Bros five times in a row, a rare occurrence as much as Megumi hates to admit it. When he had asked him about it, Itadori brushed it off, saying he’d just been distracted lately. Maybe Choso had been the distraction. Megumi feels sick for some reason.

“Hey, are you okay?” Itadori’s voice is concerned, pulling Megumi out of his weird spiral.

“Yeah, sorry. Just not feeling so good.”

“Oh! It’s okay if you’re not feeling up to studying today! We can just chill, or you could nap or something. This test won’t be that hard, honestly.” He smiles reassuringly, and Megumi fights the urge to smile back.

Of course, he thinks. *Of course* Itadori would offer to cancel the session even though the test will definitely be that hard and Itadori has been talking all week about how this midterm is thirty percent of his grade. Some of the unease that has spread from Megumi’s chest to his stomach eases up, and he feels warm affection take its place.

Outwardly, Megumi just snorts. “Nope, nice try. You’re not getting out of studying that easily,” he smacks the back of Itadori’s neck, ignoring his yelped complaint, and picks up a flashcard. “Let’s go: protein synthesis”

A few hours into studying, the sun has started its steady dip below the horizon, and Itadori demands they take a break. “My brain is rotting out of my ears,” he whines as Megumi tries to start a new flashcard pack.

“One more—”

“Nooooo, no more science!” Itadori bats the flashcards out of Megumi’s hand and grabs his wrist before he can pick them back up again. “Let’s watch a movie Fushiguro. Just a quick movie break.”

Before Megumi can point out that it is impossible to have a quick movie break and that Itadori will most likely fall asleep before the credits roll, Itadori pulls him to his feet. Megumi lets out an exasperated huff, but he doesn’t put up much of a fight as Itadori pushes him onto the couch and starts rummaging through his backpack for an HDMI chord.

“You’re gonna love this movie! I just had to watch it for class and it seriously blew my mind.” Itadori is a flurry of motion, trying three times to fit the HDMI chord into his laptop, then another three tries for the television. He rambles all the way through the process of setting up the movie, then on and off throughout the movie itself. Megumi listens, hanging on to every word in spite of himself, and even offering back his own comments.

As the film starts to wrap up, he turns to ask Itadori his thoughts on where the ending is headed and is met with an eyeful of pink fuzzy hair. Itadori lays slumped on his shoulder, his face relaxed and peaceful. There is a tiny glob of drool dripping from the corner of his mouth onto Megumi’s sweatshirt. Megumi feels a nearly unbearable swell of affection burst through him.

Sighing, he leans his head gently on top of Itadori’s. The softness and warmth of his scalp presses into Megumi’s cheek and he closes his eyes, letting his mind wander to the strange sickness he felt earlier. He turns it around in his mind, until the truth he has no choice but to acknowledge rises to the surface.

So maybe he was wrong. Maybe he has a little crush on Itadori.

The thought is vaguely frightening, but the steady rise and fall of Itadori’s chest against his arm calms him, and he lets his feelings on it settle. Who wouldn’t have a crush on Itadori? It’s pretty much impossible not to. Besides, it doesn’t change anything. Itadori can have his secrets, he can get a boyfriend, but he is still Yuuji, Megumi’s

best friend, and the only one who can make him watch a two-hour-long, vaguely experimental horror film after several hours of bio tutoring. Whatever weird feelings this situation has brought to light are irrelevant, and he will just have to put them out of his mind until they go away.

They do not go away.

At first things feel deceptively normal. Between classes, studying, and hanging out with Kugisaki, Itadori, and now occasionally Maki and her friends, Megumi doesn't have much time to think about Choso, the odd encounter in the hallway, or his little crush. But every once in a while, something reminds him of Choso's existence, and the sinking feeling comes back.

Like when Itadori gets a text from someone in the middle of lunch one day and smiles eagerly, tilting his phone away from Megumi and Kugisaki. Kugisaki asks who it is, and Itadori says it's someone from his study group, scratching at the back of his head the way he always does when he's lying. Kugisaki accepts his answer, oblivious, and Megumi feels an ugly nausea that builds until he has to leave early, citing a headache.

There's also the time Itadori texts the chat that he's "going to the library to work" when Megumi knows that the silence there makes him too anxious to concentrate. Or worst of all, the time when Kugisaki comments that Itadori seems to be in a good mood lately, and Itadori just smiles and becomes flustered, changing the subject.

Every hint or brush off is a jabbing reminder, sending Megumi's stomach curdling uncomfortably and reviving the odd squeezing sensation in his chest. Something about that excited, private smile rips through Megumi and leaves him feeling hollowed out and, confusing and embarrassing as it may be, furious. Why is he this worked up over a little crush? Megumi feels himself pushed closer and closer to an answer that he is terrified to reach, so much so that he pushes it to the back of his mind completely.

It all comes to a head one afternoon when Megumi is on his way back to the dorms after a long day of classes. It's getting colder out, so he takes a shortcut home, eager to get back to the warmth of his room. He's mentally trying to figure out what he should have for dinner and whether he should stop by Kugisaki's job to say hi, when his eyes

catch on a spot of pink through the glass of a storefront window.

He doesn't have to look closer to know who it is, but he squints and moves towards the window anyway, confused by the sight of his best friend in Kenjaku's Coffee. Even if the coffee there wasn't some of the worst on campus (students not-so-lovingly refer to it as the Cursed Café), he and Itadori tend to avoid it out of loyalty to Kugisaki, who works for the rival café a few blocks down. As he gets closer, Megumi can see that there is a man sitting across from Itadori too, and though his back is to the window, the spiky ponytails on either side of his head are unmistakable.

Choso.

If Megumi had been uncomfortable throughout the week getting little reminders of Choso's existence, he is double—no triple—that now, watching Itadori sit across from him on what is clearly a coffee date. His heart sinks down to his stomach, and somehow he can still feel it beating there, twisting it in awful knots.

Oh, his brain remarks distantly, *shit*.

Yuuji's face is uncharacteristically serious, still in the way he always is when he's listening intently. He's leaning against the table, hanging onto every word, nodding occasionally, his drink probably growing cold in his hands because he forgot about it. That unshakeable focus Yuuji gives to the people he cares about. Megumi burns thinking about how much he loves when it's directed at him, how much he wants it all to himself. *Shit, shit, shit*.

As if things couldn't get any worse, something Choso says makes Yuuji's forehead wrinkle and his eyes well up with tears. Megumi is seconds from bursting into the café, rivalries be damned, when Choso slides over to Yuuji's side of the table, wrapping him into a hug. Yuuji returns it, sinking into Choso's arms, and Megumi turns his head away, deciding not to intrude any further.

The churning in his stomach has turned into a burn, and as he forces his feet to carry him back to his dorm, he fights back the irrational urge to turn around and storm into the café, pulling Yuuji out of Choso's arms and out with him, far away whatever is happening in that conversation. *Where is this coming from?* he thinks wildly, but he finally knows the answer.

He thinks of Yuuji's face above him, concerned and apologetic, distorted from Megumi's mild concussion. He thinks of Yuuji in the

kitchen, teaching him how to make meatballs, lovingly shaping little spheres with his hands, delicate and sure. He thinks of Yuuji falling asleep on his shoulder on the couch, Yuuji coming with him to visit Tsumiki in the hospital, Yuuji talking animatedly about a new movie he's just watched, unaware that he's spilling his drink all over his homework. Yuuji, Yuuji, Yuuji, making his way through every part of his mind, easing the loneliness that has lived in him since childhood, shining light into every shadowy corner of his life.

This is not just a crush. This is something far worse.

How had he not realized sooner? He had dismissed the idea of having anything other than platonic feelings for Yuuji for so long, but in his inattention, they had taken root and grown into something completely out of Megumi's control. Now, it's too late for him to do anything about it. Even if he somehow managed to convince himself that Yuuji could feel the same way, Yuuji has already found someone, and Megumi will not interfere with his happiness. He swallows down the lump in his throat, blinks back the tears that have started forming without his permission, and pushes his way down the sidewalk, towards the comforting emptiness of his dorm room.

Megumi starts to avoid Yuuji.

It's not exactly an active decision. It's just that every time he sees Yuuji his heart stutters in his chest, and now he knows why. As soon as he comes to terms with that knowledge, the image of Yuuji sinking into Choso's embrace fills his mind, bringing a fresh wave of sickening jealousy. He staves it off, only to be back at square one the minute Yuuji does something endearing, which is pretty much every thirty seconds.

It's quite the emotional roller coaster to go on, so Megumi resigns himself to isolation, brushing off invitations to hang out, avoiding Kugisaki's job and dining halls near Yuuji's dorm, and taking the long route back from class. When Kugisaki and Yuuji try and coax him out, he tells them he's busy with schoolwork, or having semi-father semi-son bonding time with Gojo. In reality, he spends most of his time in his dorm room, desperately trying to distract himself with anything he can, burning through his new books and reorganizing his room in more ways than he thought were even possible.

Helplessness begins to set in when he realizes that it's not working.

Avoiding Yuuji helps with the worst of his emotions, but it's only replaced by the new sensation of missing him; Yuuji's absence only makes the huge role he plays in Megumi's everyday life more apparent. He misses his warm voice, his annoyingly loud laugh, his irritating teasing, his mundane updates about what he's doing. Needless to say, the situation is even worse than he thought.

He's nearly two weeks into his isolation when it is finally interrupted. He's in his dorm room, re-re-organizing his bookshelf (this time by color), when there's a knock on his door. His stomach drops, and he considers ignoring it. Whoever it is can't know he's in here.

"Don't you dare ignore me, Fushiguro, I know you're in there!"

It's Kugisaki's voice, not Yuuji's, and his anxious anticipation is washed away by a wave of guilt. Avoiding Yuuji had come at the unfortunate cost of avoiding Kugisaki as well; avoiding the café, dining hall, and every other spot the three of them frequented has left him cut off from pretty much all interaction, and he's been dry over text too, replies vague and not inviting response. Ignoring Kugisaki never ends well anyway, and he knows she must be really worried to come all the way to his dorm. Relenting, he slides out of his chair and towards the door, swinging it open before she can bang on it another time.

Kugisaki's hair is a bit of a mess, beanie pulled over it haphazardly as if she left her dorm in a rush. Her eyes are narrowed in irritation and suspicion, and she pushes her way into the dorm, eyes sweeping around, cataloguing the freakish neatness.

"Where have you been?" she spins around, facing him. "And don't say busy with work. You and I both know that midterms are over, and that you barely need to study anyways. And spending "bonding time" with Gojo? Do you think we're stupid? I mean, who in their right mind would believe that?"

Megumi winces, trying for an easy way out "I'm sorry, I've just been . . ." he trails off. Yeah, he has nothing. Sighing, he tries again. "I'm sorry."

Something about his tone must betray how defeated he feels, because Kugisaki deflates. "It's okay. I've just been worried about you. I've never seen you disappear like this. I know you like to deal with things on your own, but I feel like I haven't seen you in weeks." her voice is concerned more than anything, but there is an underlying hurt there.

Remorse gnaws at Megumi's insides. "Don't even get me started on Itadori. He's worried sick. Seriously if he texts me one more time about it, I'm actually going to snap."

There it is again: the stomach flutter, followed by the sinking feeling, followed by the image of Choso, followed by a tight pain in his chest. Megumi feels like screaming.

Instead, he blurts "Can I tell you something?"

Kugisaki nods, settling down on his desk chair and looking at him expectantly. Megumi perches on his bed across from her, taking a deep breath, unsure how to begin. "Don't tell anyone but," he pauses, nervous all of a sudden "Itadori has a secret boyfriend."

Kugisaki's eyes bug out, and she leans all the way forward in her chair. "What?!"

Megumi nods.

"Um, elaborate! Since when? How and when did you find out? Who is it?" she's shifting into gossip mode, previous conversation all but forgotten. It is familiar and amusing in a way that makes his chest loosen just a little. He had missed Kugisaki too these past few weeks, in all her chaos and bluster.

He tells her about Choso, about running into him in the dorm hallway, about Yuuji's secret messages, and about seeing them at the café. He leaves out Yuuji crying and Choso's hug, not wanting to share more of Yuuji's business than necessary. Kugisaki soaks in every word, gasping when new information is revealed and asking a million clarifying questions.

"Oh, wow," she exhales when he's finished, leaning back into the desk chair. "That explains his weirdly peppy moods. A *boyfriend*. I wonder why he hasn't told us yet! You've both been so mysterious lately." She frowns a moment, considering. "Wait. What does this juicy piece of gossip have to do with you avoiding us? Are you trying to distract me?"

Megumi stays quiet, the words stuck in his throat. He can't say it quite yet, so he settles for looking at Kugisaki pleadingly, hoping she can put him out of his misery. He can see when the realization hits her, narrowed eyes widening and a flurry of emotions passing over her face.

“Ohhhhhh. Oh. Oh no.” she brings a hand to cover her mouth, and Megumi can only nod miserably. “Oh wow.”

“Yeah,” he mumbles, embarrassed “I’ve just been . . . processing.”

“Ah,” There is a pregnant pause. Megumi searches for words to say but comes up empty. Kugisaki seems contemplative, so he lets her parse through her thoughts before she speaks again. “Honestly, it makes sense.”

“Huh?”

“You. Itadori. It makes sense. I don’t know why I didn’t see it before!” It’s not the answer he expected, and he’s not sure what to make of it, so he doesn’t reply. Kugisaki continues, unfazed, plowing through his silence as she thinks out loud. “So, you were avoiding Itadori, and me by extension, because he has a boyfriend and you realized you’re in love with him. Am I getting this right?”

Megumi nods.

“Wow! Love? Ugh, gross. But like I said, makes sense.” Her face softens a little as she meets his eyes again, and Megumi has to look away. Something about the sympathy he sees there shakes something loose inside him, and he feels embarrassingly close to tears.

Kugisaki, more compassionate than she lets people believe, seems to understand that any softness right now will break him. Instead, she sucks her teeth at him with a fond “Idiot,” and whacks him gently on the arm. Affection disguised as annoyance is a language she and Megumi speak well, and Megumi appreciates it now more than ever. “You don’t have to hole yourself in your room every time you have a crisis you know. I have a phone. You can text me these things!”

“I know, I know. I really am sorry.”

“I forgive you,” she says matter-of-factly. “But I’m not the only one you need to apologize to.”

Megumi winces. “Yeah, I know.” Knowing that Yuuji is worried and that he is the cause fills him with terrible guilt. He never wants to be the reason that Itadori is anything other than happy. It isn’t his fault that Megumi can’t get his stupid feelings in check.

“Avoiding him is just going to hurt both of your feelings.” Kugisaki is sympathetic, but firm. “If you can’t be friends with him anymore

that's okay, but that's something you need to tell him directly."

The thought of not being friends with Yuuji anymore is infinitely more painful, somehow, than the image of him wrapped up in Choso's arms. Worse than even the images that have been haunting him lately of Yuuji and Choso holding hands or kissing or eloping somewhere far away. No matter how this ends up, Megumi still wants to be in Yuuji's life, in whatever form he'll take him. "I still want to be his friend. I just need to get over this."

Kugisaki looks relieved if a little skeptical. "Okay," she agrees "but for the record, I hope this Choso thing doesn't last."

The *me too* Megumi thinks must be apparent on his face, because Kugisaki breaks out into laughter at his expression, snorting into her hands. He joins her a few seconds later and feels lighter than he has in days.

Megumi gives himself one more day to collect himself before he makes his way to Yuuji's dorm, armed with two containers of apology takeout from Yuuji's favorite restaurant. The walk down the hallway feels endless this time around, his nerves stretching each second out into agony.

Yuuji answers the door on the second knock, and Megumi's heart squeezes at the cautious smile he greets him with. "Hi," he says, holding the food in front of him like a shield. He feels shy all of a sudden.

Yuuji looks down at the peace offering, and his smile goes from tentative to something more settled. Instead of taking it, he surprises Megumi by pulling him into a hug, pressing his cheek into Megumi's neck. "Hi," he finally replies, muffled, and Megumi lets himself sink into the embrace, basking in Yuuji's comforting warmth after almost two weeks without it. His arms are solid around him, and he still smells like fresh laundry and something uniquely Yuuji. Megumi wants to wrap himself in it and stay there. He can't even bring himself to be disgusted by his own mushiness.

Yuuji pulls away after a few seconds, and Megumi gives him a once over. It's only been two weeks, but it feels like it's been longer, and he is irrationally surprised that Yuuji looks the exact same as he always does. He's wearing sweatpants and a loose t-shirt, and they hang off his frame in a way that makes him look soft and endearing. Megumi

missed him so much.

“I missed you.” Yuuji says, echoing Megumi’s thoughts. His voice is small. “I thought something had happened. Or that you were mad at me.”

“I’m not mad at you,” Megumi reassures him quickly. *The opposite actually*, he wishes he could say, but he can’t because Choso. The memory of how they got into this situation threatens to sour the happiness of their reunion, and Megumi tries to power through, searching for an explanation that will rid Yuuji’s eyes of the last traces of doubt. “It’s just been—” he realizes he’s standing in the hallway. “Can I come in?”

Yuuji steps back to give him room, and he brushes past him and towards the couch, setting the food on the table before sitting down. Yuuji sits next to him, crossing his legs, and his knee rests gingerly on Megumi’s thigh. Megumi tries not to be distracted. “I’ve just been really stressed with school lately. Midterms and realizing that we only have like three semesters left before graduation . . . it was getting to me.” he shrugs “I just didn’t want to bring you and Kugisaki down with me.” He feels a little guilty for lying, but he can’t bring himself to explain to Yuuji the feeling he got when he saw him with Choso. Stupid Choso and his stupid platforms as if he wasn’t already tall enough.

Yuuji puts a hand on his shoulder and squeezes, eyes full of sympathy. “Fushiguro. You know you can come to me—to both of us—if you’re feeling down.” The sincerity in his voice cuts Megumi to the bone, and he can’t do anything but nod. “I’m serious. We have your back.”

And Megumi knows he means it. He’s shown it time and time again, always showing up when he needs him the most and never complaining. “Thank you,” he says roughly, a lump in his throat “I know.”

Yuuji is quiet, worrying his lip as if deciding whether to speak. When he does, his voice is gentle, almost shy. “I’ll always be there for you, Megumi. You’re important to me. Really important. I don’t want you to feel like you have to go through things on your own.” Megumi is quiet, stunned by the sound of his given name coming out of Yuuji’s mouth, and from the kindness of his words. The small part of his mind that isn’t engulfed in fuzzy light curses Choso’s name and whatever universal force that put him in a situation where he can’t reach forward and pull Yuuji’s mouth to his. He has never wanted to kiss

someone so badly in his entire life.

Instead, he stays rooted to his spot on the couch, allowing their eyes to meet. “Thank you,” he says quietly “You’re my best friend, and you’re really important to me too. I’m sorry I ever let you think otherwise”

For a moment, he thinks he sees a flash of disappointment in Yuuji’s eyes, but it’s gone before he can register it and replaced with a soft smile. Megumi returns it a little, and Yuuji’s expression shifts into something more teasing. “Is that a *smile*? Are you *smiling* Fushiguro?”

“Shut up,” he huffs, but his smile doesn’t disappear, even as Yuuji coos and pokes at his cheek, dodging Megumi’s swatting hands. They play fight for a minute, serious moment broken, before they both surrender, falling back against the couch. Megumi feels lighter, but something still eats at the back of his mind, a masochistic urge that he can’t seem to shake. Finally, against his better judgment, he decides to indulge it.

“Itadori?” he keeps his tone as casual as possible.

“Yeah?”

“You know, you can talk to me about anything too.” he pauses, hesitant “Even about Choso.” Yuuji’s eyebrows rise in surprise, and Megumi resists the urge to take it back. But Yuuji doesn’t seem upset, and his posture is still relaxed where he’s leaning against the couch.

“I know,” he finally responds, and his voice is sure “I just want to keep it to myself for a little longer. If that’s okay.”

Megumi nods reassuringly “Of course it’s okay.” And, sure, he doesn’t *feel* okay when he thinks about Yuuji’s mysterious, secret boyfriend who’s his exact type. Frankly, he feels like stealing Choso’s stupid platforms and his stupid eyeliner and throwing them into the campus pond. But Yuuji is his best friend, and if he’s happy with a man that takes him to the worst coffee shop in the area and makes him cry for a date, then Megumi will be right by his side supporting them. Maybe a little bitter inside, but supportive nonetheless. “You hungry?” he asks, gesturing to the food on the table.

Yuuji grins. “Always.”

Slowly, Megumi adapts to being in love with Yuuji. Or maybe knowing he's in love with Yuuji is a better way of putting it. He still feels things when he sees Yuuji smile, still wants to puke when he thinks about him with Choso, but now that he's known his absence, he doesn't mind as much. It's even nice sometimes.

He also has Kugisaki now, and he confides in her when things get to be too much. It helps, even if his confiding is usually in the form of one-word texts, usually a curse word, and her comforting is usually in the form of teasing. Sometimes he shows up at her job and sits at a nearby table while she makes drinks, sulking until she tells him off for ruining her shift with his "bad energy." There's something soothing about their banter and hearing her joke about it takes the edge off of his emotions, making everything more bearable even if she annoys him sometimes in the process.

He's leaving the café one evening after bothering her on her shift again, when he's startled by a motorcycle pulling up to the curb outside, roaring loudly. Jolted by the noise, Megumi looks up to see who the offending party is. There are two people on the motorcycle, one clinging to the driver's back before shakily dismounting. Something about their outline is familiar, and Megumi strains to try and make out details. His eyes catch on a pair of platforms (on a motorcycle? really?), and they widen in recognition.

It's Choso; his silhouette is unmistakable, and Megumi can just make out the band of his face tattoo. Beside him, the person driving pulls off their helmet and light hair spills out. It's a woman, taller than Choso by a few centimeters, even with the platforms. She's laughing at Choso, reaching out a hand to steady him, and the familiar way she touches him sharpens Megumi's suspicion, a protective feeling stirring inside him.

He watches closely as the two exchange words, and the woman says something that makes Choso flustered, his blush turning his usually pallid face blotchy red. Then, to Megumi's horror, the woman leans down and pecks Choso on the lips, leaving him even more flustered. He doesn't seem surprised or upset, instead he rests his arms on her waist, not letting her pull away completely.

The petty dislike Megumi had felt for Choso before is nothing compared to the fury that burns in him now. How *could* he? How could he have someone like Yuuji, someone who loved so wholly and unselfishly, and betray him like this? How could he ever want anyone else? From the easy, tender way he interacts with the woman, he had

probably been seeing her for a while too. While Yuuji had kept Choso a secret, cherishing whatever they shared so much that he wanted it all for himself, Choso had been sneaking around his back, breaking his trust.

Megumi watches as Choso and the tall woman walk away, hands intertwined, and he pictures the look on Yuuji's face when he finds out. The image is so terrible that his fists clench at his sides. It burns in the back of his mind the whole way home, and he sleeps restlessly that night, mind still racing.

Megumi spends the next two days agonizing over what he saw. He knows he has to tell Yuuji, but he is filled with dread every time he thinks about the conversation; it can really only go badly. A part of him feels guilty too. Even though he knows it's impossible, it feels like he caused the downfall of their relationship somehow, as if his jealousy had somehow leaked out and infected it.

As much as Choso and Yuuji breaking up had sounded like a dream a week ago, he had never wanted *this*. He remembers the horrible feeling in his chest after Yuuji's grandfather's funeral. Yuuji had been quiet and fragile like he never is, staining Megumi's dress shirt with tears when he wrapped him in a hug. It wasn't right to see him that way, and Megumi will never forgive Choso for making it happen again.

His guilt and inner conflict eat at him all week, and he finds himself spacing out in conversations and fighting the urge to retreat back to his isolation and sort out his thoughts in the silence of his room. He isn't even able to confide in Kugisaki, deciding early on not to tell anyone else until Yuuji knows. Thankfully, Kugisaki seems to pass it off for his standard jealousy, too distracted by Maki and her latest school project to tell the difference, while Yuuji seems too generally preoccupied to notice something is up.

It is this preoccupation that pushes Megumi to decisiveness. Some part of him had hoped that maybe Choso and Yuuji had already broken it off, but after seeing Yuuji check his phone with an excited smile for the third time in one lunch, he makes up his mind to tell him at their next tutoring session.

When the time comes, they're sitting in the suite common room, backs against the couch and flashcards spread on the floor in front of them.

Yuuji has been quiet since he arrived, more distracted than usual. He stares through the cards, deep in thought about something that almost definitely isn't biology. Megumi can't hold it in anymore.

"Itadori," he says, and Yuuji starts, head whipping up.

"Oh, sorry. I got distracted."

Megumi sighs "Yeah, I actually wanted to talk to you about that."

At his words, Yuuji sits up straighter, and his face shifts to one of resolve. "No, I wanted to tell you something first. I actually invited you here to tell you something."

"Um, okay. You can go first."

"It's about Choso."

Megumi's heart drops. The universe has a cruel sense of humor. "Oh, you don't have to. I mean you *really* don't have to. Seriously."

"No, I do." Yuuji looks determined "You're my best friend, Fushiguro. You understand me better than anyone. I just—I want you to know. I'm ready."

Why would you say that? Megumi wants to scream, heart clenching at the trust in Yuuji's eyes. Instead, he keeps his face impassive, bracing himself for the blow. "Okay. Go ahead."

"Okay. Okay. So." Yuuji takes a deep breath. "A few weeks ago, I was on this family tree website. Y'know, the ones where you can order those DNA tests. I was feeling kinda sad with the anniversary of my grandpa's passing, and, I don't know, I just wanted to see if I could find something. *Anything*. I never let my grandpa tell me about my parents, but I just couldn't stop thinking about how now that he's gone, I'll just never know. It bothered me more than I thought it would."

Megumi has no idea what this has to do with Choso, but he listens anyway, taking the subject change in stride. Despite his open and easy-going nature, Itadori isn't one to talk about his own negative emotions often. He rarely speaks about his grandfather's passing, even though he mentions him all the time when telling old stories, and the flowers on his altar are always fresh.

"I couldn't stop thinking about it. So I found this website, and I sent

my DNA in. I didn't think I'd get much, and I kind of forgot about it after a while to be honest. But then, like two weeks later, they got back to me." He pauses, squaring his shoulders and taking another deep breath "And I found out I have a brother."

Megumi's eyebrows shoot up and his eyes widen, which for him is as good as a dramatic gasp. "A brother?"

"Well, a half-brother, but yeah." Yuuji looks nervous, his eyes darting down to his hands.

Megumi thinks about him over the past few weeks, carrying the weight of a newfound brother and a new relationship at the same time, all alone. Even though Megumi had no way of knowing what had been going on, he wishes he could have been there for him. "Wow," he says simply, and Itadori rambles on before he can continue.

"I've been wanting to tell you—you and Kugisaki—this whole time. It just all happened so fast! It felt so . . . I don't know it just felt like it wasn't real, or like it was fragile. I just wanted to keep it for myself for a little while." Megumi opens his mouth to reassure him, but Yuuji is still going. "Then I realized, you're my best friend. And you understand—you get more than anyone what it's like. What finding family when you have had so little feels like." he looks down at his lap again, and his hands are twisting nervously. "I don't know. I trust you, so I wanted you to know."

Megumi reaches forward, resting his hands over Yuuji's so that they still. "It's okay. You don't have to explain." He can't keep the softness out of his voice. "Thank you for telling me. I'm really happy for you, Itadori."

Yuuji smiles, shoulders loosening. Megumi's heart actually *flutters*. He coughs and looks away, trying to stay on topic. "So, are you going to meet him?" Yuuji's smile fades, and he blinks at Megumi, confused.

"Uh, I already have. So have you, technically."

It's Megumi's turn to be confused. "Huh?"

"A couple weeks ago? In the hallway? Remember, we were studying biology that time too."

Megumi wracks his brain for a memory of meeting anyone new but comes up blank. He feels like he would remember something so

significant. And in the dorm? He definitely doesn't remember meeting anyone in the dorm other than Yuuji. Anyone except—wait. No.

“Choso?”

“Yeah, duh!” Yuuji smiles in amusement “You literally asked me about him the other day!”

Megumi is in shock, mind coming to a halt. “Choso.” he repeats blankly.

“Yes,”

“Choso. Choso is . . . your brother.”

Yuuji looks concerned now, smile fading. “Yes! Fushiguro, are you okay?”

Megumi wants to reply in a way that doesn't make him sound insane, but he feels a little insane at the moment. The events of the past few weeks start replaying in his mind, merging with the new information, and the picture that they paint is so utterly ridiculous that he can barely believe it. “So . . . Choso isn't your boyfriend?”

“*What?* No! Ew, what?” Yuuji throws his head back, howling with laughter, and Megumi would be captivated if he wasn't already reeling, shock and relief leaving his hands shaky. Yuuji's laughter winds down, and he wipes at his eyes. “Oh my god Fushiguro you're gonna kill me. *Boyfriend?*” A last snort escapes “Even if we weren't literally related, he's like twenty-seven. I mean seriously, where did you even get that idea?”

Megumi feels defensive all of a sudden. “He was your type! I didn't know he was your brother!”

“My type?”

“Yeah, your type. Like you told Todo?” Yuuji still looks lost “At the party?”

Yuuji's eyes widen with realization, and he bursts into laughter again. Megumi rolls his eyes, but he's beginning to laugh himself, the absurdity of the situation finally setting in. Yuuji tapers off after a moment, face still creased in amusement and disbelief. “You idiot,” he huffs “I was talking about *you!* How did you not get that that was you? And I was so nervous saying that in front of you too!”

Megumi feels everything inside him still as the meaning of Yuuji's word's wash over him. He feels—it's the opposite of the sinking feeling he's been feeling for weeks. Something like hope is rising tentatively in his chest, his heart beating against his ribs like bird's wings. "But" his voice sounds strained, even to his own ears "I'm not badass."

"Are you kidding?" Yuuji snorts, "Yes you are! You're always so calm and reliable, no matter how chaotic or scary the situation is. And you're really strong, I mean I see you lifting those huge dogs at the vet clinic. You're even good with the aggressive ones that no one else can handle! And you don't take bullshit from anyone. Remember when that guy stole my seat in Intro to Lit and you just gave him that *look*, and he literally ran away? Or—"

"Okay, okay, I get it." Megumi's entire body feels like it's on fire.

Yuuji shakes his head, letting out another chuckle "And y'all call *me* stupid." Megumi doesn't take the bait; his mind stuck on what Yuuji means, still not quite believing it.

"So, I'm your type?"

Yuuji blushes, rubbing the back of his neck. "Uh, yeah. I thought it was obvious. I mean, I basically told you the other day when you came over with the apology food, but you brushed it off, so I figured I had my answer."

Megumi thinks back to the conversation, the way Yuuji had used his given name, had put special emphasis on how important Megumi was to him, and how he had responded by calling Itadori his best friend. Maybe he is an idiot.

Yuuji is still talking, rambling in the way he always does when he gets nervous "Which is totally okay by the way. That you don't feel the same. Like it's fine. You don't have to like—"

"Yuuji." Megumi can barely breathe, and his hands are still shaking, but he feels calm inside. This part is easy; loving Yuuji was never the hard part. Telling him had seemed impossible a week ago, but now that there's nothing standing in his way, it feels like breathing out, releasing every thought he kept tucked away in his mind.

The hard part is knowing where to start.

He wants to tell him that he's his type too, that he's the kindest person

Megumi knows. He wants to tell Yuuji that he's the only person that can make him laugh so hard he cries. He wants to tell him corny things that are somehow completely true, words like "forever" and "soulmate," concepts that would have made him gag before they met. He wants to tell him that he never realized how lonely he was until Yuuji burst into his life, knocking him off his feet in more ways than one. He wants to tell him how much it killed Megumi these past few weeks thinking about him with someone else. He wants to tell him that he's the most beautiful person he's ever seen.

Instead, he reaches up and frames Yuuji's stunned face with his hands, and when he speaks, his voice is sure. "Did you know that you're the first person I ever called my best friend?" Yuuji shakes his head slightly between Megumi's palms, eyes fixed on his face "Well, you are. You're also my favorite person to be around. My favorite—" he swallows. It's harder than he thought. He's not used to putting words to emotions this big, so he settles for the simple truth. "I love you."

Yuuji's mouth falls open. "Megumi," he breathes. He doesn't elaborate, just stares at Megumi in shock, and Megumi tries not to panic. Had he gone too far? Now that he thinks about it, Yuuji had basically just told him he was his type, and he'd responded with a love confession. Blood rushes to his face, and he moves to drop his hands from Yuuji's face, but Yuuji catches his wrists, holding them firmly in place.

"I love you too" he says, and his voice is uncharacteristically quiet. It's Megumi's turn to stare. "Megumi, I lo—" Megumi swallows the rest of his words, his body surging forward before he can even process what it's doing.

It's chaste at first, their closed mouths pressed together firmly, but then someone's lips start moving—Megumi can't remember whose—and it's like a dam breaks.

Kissing Yuuji is—wow. It's overwhelming in the best way. Every slide of Yuuji's lips against his sends little bolts of electricity through his body, and when Yuuji's tongue slips into his mouth for just a moment, he feels like he's on fire, something clenching almost painfully in the pit of his stomach. He's holding on for dear life, one hand still pressed against the softness of Yuuji's cheek, the other cupped behind his head. Yuuji's pulls him closer still by the back of his neck, arm wrapped around him, holding them steady. He can feel Yuuji everywhere, overwhelming his senses, and Megumi is lost in his warmth, his smell, his touch.

He doesn't know how much time passes, but his chest is burning when he finally pulls away, gasping for air. "Whoa," Yuuji breathes, dazed, and Megumi nods in agreement. Yuuji looks as wrecked as he feels; his eyes are lidded, his hair is in disarray, pink tufts sticking in every direction, and Megumi feels a surge of pride. *I did that*. Affection bursts in him, too big for his body, pressing tight underneath his skin.

"You're so—" Megumi trails off helplessly, unable to find words to describe everything that Yuuji is, everything he makes him feel.

Yuuji seems to understand anyway, the way he always seems to, eyes shining. "Yeah, you too," he says before tightening his hand around the back of his neck and pulling him back in.

Later, they lie tangled around each other. Megumi is half on top of Yuuji so both of them can fit horizontally on the couch, and his eyes are closed, enjoying the feeling of Yuuji pressed to his side. He never thought of himself as a touchy person, but he feels almost drunk off the warmth of Yuuji's body, the feel of his chest rising and falling, their kisses from earlier. Yuuji always seems to be teaching him new things about himself.

"I can't believe you thought Choso was my boyfriend." Yuuji snickers, bringing him out of his haze.

Megumi is too happy to be embarrassed anymore. "Yeah, I hated him" he admits. Yuuji laughs, and Megumi feels the vibration where their chests are pressed together.

"Really?"

"Really. I actually came over here to tell you that I caught him cheating on you."

"What?"

"Yeah. I saw him with some girl outside Kugisaki's café the other day."

"No way!" Yuuji props himself up so he's leaning over Megumi a little, his eyes widening in interest. Megumi tries not to get distracted by the position. "So? What did she look like?"

"They were kind of far so I couldn't see too much detail, but she was

tall—taller than him. And she was driving a motorcycle.”

Yuuji gasps dramatically. “A motorcycle! Oh, I have to ask him about that.”

“Just don’t make me seem like a stalker,” Megumi says, and Yuuji laughs, flopping back down on the couch pillows. They lie like that for a moment in peaceful silence. Megumi traces his thumb over the side of Yuuji’s neck, over the little marks he made by his collar, feeling the comforting thrum of his pulse. Yuuji sighs.

He feels himself drifting, the emotional roller coaster of the day finally catching up with him, when Yuuji speaks again. “D’you wanna meet him?”

“Hmm?”

“Choso, I mean. Properly this time.”

Megumi shakes himself awake a little at the question. Yuuji is looking at him with an eagerness that makes him feel warm inside. “Of course I do. I want to meet everyone important to you.”

Yuuji’s cheeks bloom, and he puts his hand across Megumi’s face, pushing a little. “Ah, Fushiguro, you can’t keep saying things like that!”

Megumi sticks his tongue out, licking his palm, and Yuuji yelps and yanks his hand away like he hadn’t had his tongue in his mouth a just few minutes earlier. Megumi laughs, nearly rolling off the couch, and Yuuji catches him, pulling him back and into a kiss.

“I can’t believe Fushiguro thought you were Itadori’s boyfriend.”

Kugisaki is laughing again, shoulders shaking, and Megumi glowers. She’s just gotten off her shift, and the three of them are finally having lunch with Choso, who finally came by campus to meet them. Yuuji had told her the story of Megumi’s mix up before so it wouldn’t come up over lunch, but Kugisaki, predictably, could not pass off the opportunity to ridicule Megumi in person. To Megumi’s mortification, Choso is chuckling too, trying to hide it behind his coffee cup.

He’s different than Megumi expected, gentler. He had apologized for his glare in the hallway immediately after introducing themselves, sheepishly admitting that he tended to be a bit overprotective.

Megumi had forgiven him and had been rewarded by a small smile. Now, Choso sits quietly across from everyone, listening more than he speaks, and smiling fondly at them as they go back and forth.

“He was *very* respectful,” Yuuji is defending his honor despite the fact that he is clearly fighting a smile of his own. “He never pried, and he was going to stop me from getting my heart broken.” Kugisaki howls, leaning back in her chair.

“It’s not *that* funny,” Megumi groans.

“Yes, it is,” she gasps, “Oh my god. You were going to turn him in for cheating.” She breaks into laughter again, and Megumi rolls his eyes.

“Thank you for that, by the way.” Choso says “I appreciate you looking out for my brother.” Kugisaki bursts into laughter again, but Choso looks completely serious, eyes earnest and genuine. *They really are brothers*, Megumi thinks.

“Uh, no problem. Sorry for accusing you of being a cheater.”

“It’s okay. I’m glad my little brother has someone that cares about him.” he looks at them, then at Kugisaki. “I’m glad he’s found such good friends.”

Kugisaki and Megumi both go quiet, blushing, and Yuuji pulls both of them to his sides, beaming. “I really have,” he says, “the best friends ever.”

“Ugh, enough of that,” Kugisaki shakes his arm off even though she is clearly pleased, blush still not fading. “Let’s go back to teasing Fushiguro, that was fun. Who wants to hear about how Fushiguro hid in his bedroom and moped for almost two weeks because he thought Itadori had a boyfriend?”

Megumi lets out a groan “Am I ever going to live this down?”

“Nope!” Kugisaki and Yuuji chirp in unison. Even Choso shakes his head, and Megumi hangs his in defeat.

“Great.”

Kugisaki launches into her dramatic retelling of Megumi’s misplaced angst, complete with arm gestures and impressions. Yuuji is laughing, eyes creased in mirth, and his hand finds Megumi’s under the table, slotting them together and squeezing. Megumi squeezes back, warmth

pooling in his chest, and thinks he doesn't mind much at all.

End Notes

megumi: i thought i have a crush on yuuji, but i don't

megumi a few paragraphs later: why am i wishing death on choso rn?

thank you for reading! i'm thinking about doing a companion piece centered around yuuji finding choso, but let's see if i have the range 🤔 i wrote this kind of obsessively, and i had so much fun doing it. i hope y'all have as much fun reading <3

EDIT: oh wow, one of my favorite artists illustrated this! you can see the amazing works here: <https://arinavah.tumblr.com/post/670675431380434944/ive-read-absolutely-hilarious-fic-with-no-curse> while you're there please look at their other works they are extremely talented and the founder of chosoyuki

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!